

The Mirror

OF

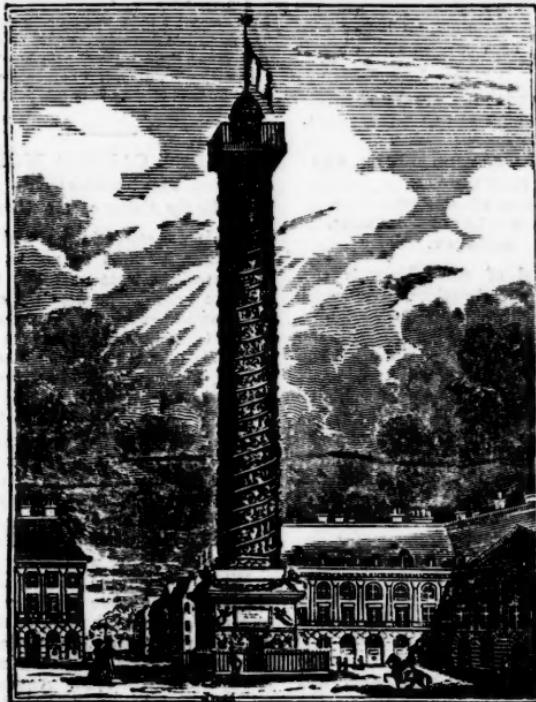
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 297.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1823.

[PRICE 2d.

Napoleon's Triumphal Pillar, at Paris.



In the centre of the Place Vendôme, in the most splendid quarter of Paris, stands the famous triumphal pillar which Bonaparte erected to commemorate the success of his arms in Germany, in the campaign of 1805. Its total elevation is one hundred and thirty-five feet, and the diameter of the shaft is twelve feet. It is in imitation of the pillar of Trajan at Rome, and is built of stone, covered with bas-reliefs, (representing the various victories of the French army), composed of twelve hundred pieces of cannon taken from the Russian and Austrian armies. The bronze employed in this monument was about three hundred and sixty thousand pounds weight. The column is of the Doric order. The bas-reliefs of the pedestal represent the uniforms and weapons

of the conquered legions. Above the pedestal are festoons of oak, supported at the four angles by eagles, in bronze, each weighing five hundred pounds. The bas-reliefs of the shaft pursue a spiral direction from the base to the capital, and display in chronological order the principal actions of the campaign, from the departure of the troops from Boulogne to the battle of Austerlitz. The figures are three feet high; their number is said to be two thousand, and the length of the spiral band eight hundred and forty feet. Above the capital is a gallery, which is approached by a winding staircase within, of one hundred and seventy-six steps.

Upon the capital is the following inscription:—

Monument élevé à la gloire de la grande
armée
PAR NAPOLEON LE GRAND,
Commencé le XXV Août 1806, terminé
le XV Août 1810, sous la direction
de D. V. Denon,
M. M. J.-B. Lépère et L. Gondoin, ar-
chitectes.

Over the door leading to the staircase is a bas-relief, representing two figures of Fame supporting a tablet, upon which is the following inscription, no longer visible, it having been covered with a bronze plate:—

NEAPOLIO. IMP. AUG.
MONUMENTUM BELLI GERMANICI.
ANNO M.D.CCCV.
TRIMESTRI SPATIA DUCTU. SUO
PROFLIGATI.
EX. AERE. CAPTO.
GLORIE. EXERCITUS. MAXIMI.
DICAVIT.

The capital of the column is surmounted by an acroterium, upon which formerly stood the statue of Napoleon, measuring eleven feet in height, and weighing five thousand one hundred and twelve pounds. The white flag now waves upon its summit, surmounted with an immense *fleur-de-lis*. The platform upon which it rests is of white marble surrounded with palisades. The total expense of this sumptuous monument was 1,500,000 livres.

It is not altogether incurious that the above column occupies the area of a fine equestrian statue, in bronze, of Louis XIV. The statue, and horse, were together 22 feet in height, and the other dimensions in proportion. The entire group was cast at once, and was the largest work of the kind ever attempted in Europe. It weighed 70,000lb. and the total cost was 750,000 livres. On the marble pedestal, which supported it, were recorded the principal actions in the life of *Louis Quatorze*, who unfortunately erected it in a time of great scarcity, so as to impoverish his own finances; and a few days after the ceremony of its dedication, a beggar's wallet was found suspended from the shoulder of the magnificent monarch. Of course, such an item of extravagance did not escape the destroying hand of the revolution, and in August, 1792, it was entirely demolished. How the republicans subsequently reconciled the erection of the present pillar on the precise site of Louis's extravagance, and that too *at double the cost*, is not for us to determine.

The Pillar of Place Vendôme is justly considered one of the noblest ornaments

of the French metropolis. The form of the Place is octagonal, and the dimensions 450 feet by 420; and the style of the surrounding buildings is a basement surmounted by Corinthian pillars. Here resides the Chancellor of France. The area is crossed by the Rues de la Paix and Castiglione, two of the most beautiful streets in Paris, and among the public improvements of Napoleon's reign.

When Victory's Gallic column shall but rise,
Like Pompey's Pillar in a desert's skies,
The rocky isle that holds, or held his dust,
Shall crown the Atlantic like the hero's bust,
And mighty Nature o'er his obsequies,
Do more than niggard envy still denies.

BYRON.

ANCIENT CARVED WORK AT MANCHESTER.

(*To the Editor of the Mirror.*)

SIR,—It was stated in the "MIRROR," some time back, (I do not at this moment recollect what number,) that "it was not known who were the carvers of the beautiful work in Manchester Collegiate Church." I beg leave to acquaint you I claim that as the work of my ancestors, who were formerly the most celebrated carvers of wood and of stone in Europe; and, by that celebrity, they gained more riches than any other family in England, and continued exceedingly rich till the time of James II.; then their riches, nearly all, flew away, in consequence of their honest adherence to that monarch: honest adherence I say, but far from sensible or wise.

When William the Norman conquered England, they were residing at, and owners of, Ainsworth Hall, in the parish of Bolton le Moors, in the county of Lancashire. This estate remained in the family till the year 1720. Another estate, called Merecroftgate, which had been in the family more than six hundred years, was sold in 1820, just one hundred years after the sale of the other estate.

The branch of the family to which I belong, left Ainsworth Hall about four hundred years ago; and have lived on a farm called Broadfield, in the parish of Pilsworth, which is close to Heywood, in Lancashire, ever since that time. Ottwell Hardman, my uncle and half cousin lives on that farm now; he is mentioned in Mr. Baines's "History of Lancashire;" but the farm now belongs to Lady Grosvenor, or perhaps to her ladyship's son, Earl of Wilton.

The last member of my ancestors of any note, died in the year 1755; he had been member of parliament for Liverpool.

The members of the branch from which I sprung, have all of them long been labourers; not a man of them ever went to school in his life. Nevertheless, there are men among the labourers, some of whom have not, perhaps, second shirts to their backs, more perfect grammarians, astronomers, astrologers, and arithmeticians, than any other men in England; all of course self taught.

You may perceive by this brief account, that there is a superior genius which time has not extinguished, still running in the blood, though all outward property has long since taken its flight.

I shall write a correct account of my own life, to be published some time or other, and, in the introduction, I will mention the parishes which formerly belonged to my ancestors, and every other particular.

I am, sir,
Your obedient, humble servant,
SAMUEL HARDMAN,
Late Adjutant of the 10th Royal Hussars.
No. 6, Charlotte-place, Kennington-
Lane, Vauxhall.—London, Jan. 29,
1828.

THE FAIRY'S INVITATION.

(*For the Mirror.*)

HITHER! hither ye fairy train
That love to play in the moonbeams bright,—
All ye that bespangle the flow'ry plain,
Come hither and gleam in her silv'ry light.
Ye that inhabit the cowslip's bell,
And ye that inhabit the tulip's urn,
And ye that lie curl'd in the amaranth's shell,
Hither! oh hither your footsteps turn.
Arise from the deep and descend from the skies,
Ever the breath that invites ye, tho' distant, be
chill'd.—
From the earth's groaning centre remotest arise,
Come glitt'ring with dew-drops from roses dis-
til'd.

J. F.

ANCIENT FLUTES AND FLUTE PLAYERS, &c.

(*For the Mirror.*)

"The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute."

DAYDEN.

THE ancient flutes were made of reeds, wood, and metal: they were of great importance in antiquity, and of different sorts, some of which were used in times of mirth, and others in times of mourning. The invention has been given, by poets, to Apollo, Mercury, and Pan. Among the ancients they were called *fistulæ*, and sometimes *tibia-pipe*. Borel says the word *flute* is derived from *Aula*, the Latin for a lamprey or small eel, taken in the Sicilian seas, having seven

holes immediately below the gills on each side, the precise number of those in the front of the flute. Aristotle tells us, that the flute, after its first invention, was used by mean people and thought an ignoble instrument, unworthy of a freeman, till after the invasion and defeat of the Persians, whose ease, affluence, and luxury, soon rendered its use so common that it was a disgrace to a person of birth not to know how to play upon it. Epaminondas was an able performer on the flute. The Thebans were great performers on this instrument. It appears that Alcibiades setting up for a fine gentleman, and taking the utmost care of his person, was soon disgusted with the flute, as Minerva herself had been before; for happening to see himself in a mirror while he was playing, he was so shocked at the distortion of his sweet countenance, that he broke his flute in a transport of passion, and threw it away, which brought the instrument into great disgrace among the young people of rank at Athens; however, this disgust did not extend to the sound of the flute itself, since we find by Plutarch, that the great performers upon it continued long after to be much followed and admired. Horace speaks of bands of female flute-players, some of whom existed in his time; they became so common in all private entertainments as well as at public feasts, obtruding their company, &c. unasked, that their profession was regarded as infamous, and utterly abolished. The most celebrated female flute player of antiquity was Lamia, her beauty, wit, and abilities in her profession, made her regarded as a prodigy. As she was a great traveller, her reputation soon became very extensive; her first journey from Athens, the place of her birth, was into Egypt, whither she was drawn by the fame of the flute-players of that country. Her person and performance were not long unnoticed at the court of Alexandria; however, in the conflicts between Ptolemy, Soter, and Demetrius, for the island of Cyprus, about 312 B. C. Ptolemy being defeated in a sea engagement, his wives, domestics, and military stores fell into the hands of Demetrius. Plutarch says, the celebrated Lamia was among the female captives taken in this victory. She had been universally admired at first on account of her talents, for she was a wonderful performer on the flute; but afterwards her fortune became more splendid, by the charms of her person which procured her many admirers of great rank. The prince, whose captive she became, and who, though a successful warrior, was said to have vanquished

as many hearts as cities, conceived so violent a passion for Lamia, that from a sovereign and a conqueror he was instantly transformed into a slave, though her beauty was more on the decline, and Demetrius the handsomest prince of his time, was much younger than herself; at her instigation he conferred such extraordinary benefits upon the Athenians, that they rendered him divine honours, and as an acknowledgment of the influence which she had exercised in their favour, they dedicated a temple to her, under the name of "Venus Lamia." Ismenias, the Theban, was one of the most celebrated performers on the flute of antiquity. Having been taken prisoner by Atreas, king of the Scythians, he performed on the flute before that rude monarch; but though his attendants were charmed so much that they applauded him with rapture, the king laughed at their folly, and said that he preferred the neighing of his horse to the flute of this fine musician. He was sent ambassador into Persia, and Lucian says, that he gave three talents, or £581. 5s. for a flute at Corinth. Dorien, the celebrated flute player, was a great wit and a great glutton, and was often invited by Philip of Macedon, in order to enliven his parties of pleasure. Having lost a large shoe at a banquet, which he wore on account of his foot being swelled by the gout, "the only harm I wish the thief," (said he,) "is, that my shoe may fit him." How great a demand there was for flutes in Athens, may be conceived from a circumstance mentioned by Plutarch, in his life of Isocrates. This orator, says he, was the son of Theodorus, a flutemaker, who acquired wealth sufficient by his employment, not only to educate his children in a liberal manner, but also to bear one of the heaviest public burdens to which an Athenian citizen was liable, that of furnishing a choir or chorus for his tribe or ward, at festivals and religious ceremonies. Each tribe furnished their distinct chorus; which consisted of a band of vocal and instrumental performers, and dancers, who were to be hired, maintained, and dressed during the whole time of the festival: an expense considerable in itself, but much increased by emulation among the richer citizens, and the disgrace consequent to inferior exhibition. The fluctuations of trade and public favour have rendered the business of boring flutes far less profitable at present than it was in the time of Theodorus. But then (says a modern writer on this subject) we have had an harpsichord maker in our own country (Kirkman,) who died worth £100,000. and who was

as able to maintain a choir as Theodorus, or any dean or chapter of a cathedral.

P. T. W.

The Sketch Book.

MISERIES OF A SEA VOYAGE.

By Leigh Hunt.

ON Monday, Nov. 19, 1821, we passed the Nore, and proceeded down Channel amidst rains and squalls. We were now out at sea; and a rough taste we had of it. I had been three times in the Channel before, once in hard weather; but I was then a bachelor, and had only myself to think of. Let the reader picture to his imagination the little back parlour of one of the shops in Fleet-street or the Strand, attached or let into a great moving vehicle, and tumbling about the waves from side to side, now sending all the things that are loose this way, and now that. This will give him an idea of a cabin at sea, such as we occupied. It had a table fastened down in the middle; places let into the wall on each side, one over the other, to hold beds; a short, wide, sloping window, carried off over a bulk, and looking out to sea; a bench, or locker, running under the bulk from one side of the cabin to the other; and a little fire-place opposite, in which it was impossible to keep a fire on account of the wind. The weather, at the same time, was bitterly cold, as well as wet. On one side the fire-place was the door, and on the other a door leading into a petty closet dignified with the title of the state-room. In this room we put our servant, the captain sleeping in another closet outside. The births were occupied by the children, and my wife and myself lay, as long as we could manage to do so, on the floor. Such was the trim, with boisterous wet weather, cold days, and long evenings, on which we set out on our sea-adventure.

I never met with a seaman (and I have put the question to several) who did not own to me that he hated his profession. One of them, a brave and rough subject, told me, that there was not a "pickle" of a midshipman, not absolutely a fool, who would not confess that he had rather eschew a second voyage, if he had but the courage to make the avowal.

I know not what the Deal pilot, whom we took on board in the Downs, thought upon this point; but if ever there was a bold fellow it was he; and yet he could eye a squall with a grave look. I speak not so much from what he had to do on the present occasion, though it was a nice business to get us into Ramsgate harbour; but he had the habit of courage in his face, and was altogether one of the

most interesting-looking persons I have seen.—Our pilot was a prince, even of his race. He was a tall man in a kind of frock-coat, thin but powerful, with high features, and an expression of countenance fit for an Argonaut. When he took the rudder in hand, and stood alone, guiding the vessel towards the harbour, the crew being all busied at a distance from him, and the captain as usual at his direction, he happened to put himself into an attitude the most graceful as well as commanding conceivable; and a new squall coming up in the horizon, just as we were going to turn in, he gave it a look of lofty sullenness, threat, as it were, to threat,—which was the most magnificent aspect of resolution I ever beheld. Experience and valour assumed their rights, and put themselves on a par with danger. In we turned, to the admiration of the spectators, who had come down to the pier, and to the satisfaction of all on board, except the poor captain, who, though it was his own doing, seemed, while gallantly congratulating the lady, to be eyeing, with sidelong pathos, the money that was departing from him.

The reader has seen what sort of a cabin we occupied. I will now speak of the crew and their mode of living, and what sort of trouble we partook in common. He may encounter it himself afterwards if he pleases, and it may do him good; but again I exhort him not to think of taking a family with him.

Our captain, who was also proprietor of the vessel, had been master of a man-of-war, and was more refined in his manners than captains of small merchantmen are used to be. He was a clever seaman, or he would not have occupied his former post; and I dare say he conducted us well up and down Channel. The crew, when they were exhausted, accused him of a wish of keeping us out at sea, to save charges,—perhaps unjustly; for he became so alarmed himself, or was so little able to enter into the alarms of others, that he would openly express his fears before my wife and children. He was a man of connexions superior to his calling; and the consciousness of this, together with success in life, and a good complexion and set of features which he had in his time, rendered him, though he was getting old, a bit of a coxcomb. When he undertook to be agreeable, he assumed a cleaner dress, and a fidgetty sort of effeminacy, which contrasted very ludicrously with his old clothes and his doleful roughness during a storm. While it was foul weather he was roaring and swearing at the men like a proper captain of a brig, and then grumbling and saying, “Lord

bless us and save us!” in the cabin. If a glimpse of promise re-appeared, he put on a coat and aspect to correspond, was constantly putting compliments to the lady, and telling stories of other fair passengers whom he had conveyed charmingly to their destination. He wore powder; but this not being sufficient always to conceal the colour of his hair, he told us it had turned grey when he was a youth, from excessive fright in being left upon a rock. This confession made me conclude that he was a brave man, in spite of his exclamations. I saw him among his kindred, and he appeared to be an object of interest to some respectable maiden sisters, whom he treated kindly, and for whom all the money, perhaps, that he scraped together was intended. He was chary of his “best biscuit,” but fond of children; and was inclined to take me for a Jonah for not reading the Bible, while he made love to the maid-servant. Of such incongruities are people made, from the great captain to the small!

Our mate was a tall, handsome young man, with a countenance of great refinement for a seaman. He was of the humblest origin, yet a certain gentility was natural in him, as he proved by a hundred little circumstances of attention to the women and children, when consolation was wanted, though he did not do it ostentatiously or with melancholy. If a child was afraid, he endeavoured to amuse him with stories. If the women asked him anxiously how things were going on, he gave them a cheerful answer; and he contrived to show by his manner that he did not do so in order to make a show of his courage at their expense. He was attentive without officiousness, and cheerful with quiet. The only fault I saw in him was a tendency to lord it over a Genoese boy, an apprentice to the captain, who seemed ashamed of being among the crew, and perhaps gave himself airs. But a little tyranny will creep into the best natures, if not informed enough, under the guise of a manly superiority, as may be seen so often in upper boys at school. The little Genoese was handsome, and had the fine eyes of the Italians. Seeing he was a foreigner, when we first went on board we asked him whether he was not an Italian. He said no, he was a Genoese. It is the Lombards, I believe, that are more particularly understood to be Italians, when distinction of this kind is made; but I never heard it afterwards. He complained to me one day that he wanted books and poetry; and said that the crew were a “*brutta gente*.” I afterwards met him in Genoa, when he looked

as gay as a lark, and was dressed like a gentleman. His name was a piece of music—Luigi Rivalora. There was another foreigner on board, a Swede, as rough a subject and northerner, as the Genoese was full of the “sweet south.” He had the reputation of being a capital seaman, which enabled him to grumble to better advantage than the others. A coat of the mate’s hung up to dry, in a situation not perfectly legal, was not to be seen without a comment. The fellow had an honest face withal, but brute and fishy, not unlike a Triton’s in a picture. He gaped up at a squall with his bony look, and the hair over his eyes, as if he could dive out of it in case of necessity. Very different was a fat, fair-skinned carpenter, with a querulous voice, who complained on all occasions, and in private was very earnest with the passengers to ask the captain to put into port. And very different again from him was a jovial, straight-forward seaman, a genuine Jack Tar, with a snub nose and an under lip thrust out, such as we see in caricatures. He rolled about with the vessel, as if his fest had suckers ; and he had an oath and a jest every morning for the bad weather. He said he would have been “d—d” before he had come to sea this time, if he had known what sort of weather it was to be ; but it was not so bad for him, as for the gentlefolks with their children.”

The crew occupied a little cabin at the other end of the vessel, into which they were tucked in their respective cribs like so many herrings. The weather was so bad, that a portion of them, sometimes all, were up all night, as well as the men on watch. The business of the watch is to see that all is safe, and to look out for vessels a-head. He is very apt to go to sleep, and is sometimes waked with a pail of water chucked over him. The tendency to sleep is very natural, and the sleep in fine weather delicious. Shakespeare may well introduce a sailor-boy sleeping on the top-mast, and enjoying a luxury that wakeful kings might envy. But there is no doubt that the luxury of the watcher is often the destruction of the vessel. The captains themselves, glad to get to rest, are careless. When we read of vessels run down at sea, we are sure to find it owing to negligence. This was the case with regard to the steam-vessel, the Comet, which excited so much interest the other day. A passenger, anxious and kept awake, is surprised to see the eagerness with which every seaman, let the weather be what it may, goes to bed when it comes to his turn. Safety, if they can have it ; but sleep at

all events. This seems to be their motto.—If they are to be drowned, they would rather have the two beds together, the watery and the worsted. Dry is too often a term inapplicable to the latter. In our vessel, night after night, the wet penetrated into the seamen’s berths : and the poor fellows, their limbs stiff and aching with cold, and their hands blistered with toil, had to get into beds as wretched as if a pail of water had been thrown over them.

Such were the lives of our crew from the 12th till the 22nd of December,* during which time we were beaten up and down Channel, twice touching the Atlantic, and driven back again like a hunted ox. One of the gales lasted, without intermission, fifty-six hours ; blowing all the while, as if it would “split its cheeks.” The oldest seaman on board had never seen rougher weather in Europe. In some parts of the world, both east and west, there is weather of sudden and more outrageous violence ; but none of the crew had experienced tempests of longer duration, nor more violent for the climate. The worst of being at sea in weather like this, next to your inability to do anything, is the multitude of petty discomforts with which you are surrounded. You can retreat into no comfort, great or small. Your feet are cold ; you can take no exercise on account of the motion of the vessel ; and a fire will not keep in. You cannot sit in one posture. You lie down, because you are sick ; or if others are more sick, you must keep your legs as well as you can, to help them. At meals, the plates and dishes slide away, now to this side, now to that ; making you laugh, it is true ; but you laugh more out of satire than merriment. Twenty to one you are obliged to keep your beds, and chuck the cold meat to one another ; or the oldest and strongest does it for the rest, desperately remaining at table, and performing all the slides, manœuvres, and sudden rushes, which the fantastic violence of the cabin’s movements has taught him. Tea, (which, for the refreshment it affords in toil and privation, may be called the traveller’s wine,) is taken as desperately as may be, provided you can get boiling water ; the cook making his appearance when he can, with his feet asunder, clinging to the floor, and swaying to and fro with the kettle. By the by, I have not mentioned our cook ; he was a Mulatto, a merry knave, constantly drunk. But the habit of drinking, added to a quiet and sly habit of uttering his words, had made it easy to him to pretend sobriety when he was most intoxicated ; and I

* He remained nearly three weeks at Ramsgate.

believe he deceived the whole of the people on board, except ourselves. The captain took him for a special good fellow, and felt particularly grateful for his refusals of a glass of rum; the secret of which was, he could get at the rum whenever he liked, and was never without a glass of it in his oesophagus. He stood behind you at meats, kneading the floor with his feet, as the vessel rolled; drinking in all the jokes, or would-be jokes, that were uttered; and laughing like a dumb goblin. The captain, who had eyes for nothing but what was right before him, seldom noticed his merry devil; but if you caught his eye, there he was, shaking his shoulders without a word, while his twinkling eyes seemed to run over with rum and glee. This fellow, who swore horrid oaths in a tone of meekness, used to add to my wife's horrors by descending, drunk as he was, with a lighted candle into the "Lazaret," which was a hollow under the cabin, opening with a trap-door, and containing provisions and a portion of the gunpowder. The portion was small, but sufficient, she thought, with the assistance of his candle, to blow us up. Fears for her children occupied her mind from morning till night, when she sank into an uneasy sleep. While she was going to sleep I read, and did not close my eyes till towards morning, thinking, (with a wife by my side, and seven children around me) what I should do in case of the worst. My imagination, naturally tenacious, and exasperated by ill health, clung, not to every relief, but to every shape of ill that I could fancy. I was tormented with the consciousness of being unable to divide myself into as many pieces as I had persons requiring assistance; and must not scruple to own that I suffered a constant dread, which appeared to me very unbecoming a man of spirit. However, I expressed no sense of it to anybody. I did my best to do my duty and keep up the spirits of those about me; and your nervousness being a great dealer in your joke fantastic, I succeeded apparently with all, and certainly with the children. The most uncomfortable thing in the vessel was the constant wet. Below it penetrated, and on deck you could not appear with dry shoes but they were speedily drenched. Mops being constantly in use at sea, (for seamen are very clean in that respect, and keep their vessel as nice as a pet infant,) the sense of wet was always kept up, whether in wetting or drying; and the vessel, tumbling about, looked like a washing-house in a fit. We had a goat on board, a present from a kind friend, anxious that we should breakfast at

home. The storm frightened away its milk, and Lord Byron's dog afterwards bit off its ear. But the ducks had the worst of it. These were truly a sight to make a man hypochondriacal. They were kept in miserable narrow coops, over which the sea constantly breaking, the poor wretches were drenched and beaten to death. Every morning, when I came upon deck, some more were killed, or had their legs and wings broken. The captain grieved for the loss of his ducks, and once went so far as to add to the number of his losses by putting one of them out of its misery; but nobody seemed to pity them otherwise. This was not inhumanity, but want of thought. The idea of pitying live-stock when they suffer, enters with as much difficulty into a head uneducated to that purpose, as the idea of pitying a diminished piece of beef or a stolen pig. I took care not to inform the children how much the creatures suffered. My family, with the exception of the eldest boy, who was of an age to acquire experience, always remained below; and the children, not aware of any danger, (for I took care to qualify what the captain said, and they implicitly believed me,) were as gay, as confinement and uneasy beds would allow them to be. With the poor ducks I made them outrageously merry one night, by telling them to listen when the next sea broke over us, and they would hear Mr. P., an acquaintance of theirs, laughing. The noise they made with their quacking, when they gathered breath after the suffocation of the salt water, was exactly like what I said: the children listened, and at every fresh agony there was a shout. Being alarmed one night by the captain's open expression of his apprehension, I prepared the children for the worst that might happen, by telling them that the sea sometimes broke into a cabin, and then there was a dip over head and ears for the passengers, after which they laughed and made merry. The only time I expressed apprehension to anybody was to the mate, one night when we were wearing ship off the Scilly rocks, and everybody was in a state of anxiety. I asked him, in case of the worst, to throw open the lid of the cabin-stairs, that the sea might pour in upon us as fast as possible. He begged me not to have any sad thoughts, for he said I should give them to him, and he had none at present. At the same time, he turned and severely rebuked the carpenter, who was looking doleful at the helm, for putting notions into the heads of the passengers. The captain was unfortunately out of hearing.

Leigh Hunt's *Lord Byron*, &c.

The North Cape, as it appears on approaching it from Mageröe.



THE north cape, which is in lat. 71 deg. 10 min. 15 sec., is a long extended headland or tongue of rocks, narrowest near its root, and enlarging itself toward its other extremity, where it becomes a circular shape, and is indented by several chasms, that form small craters. Its surface is flat, being what sailors call table land, rising gradually from the part adjoining the land till about a quarter of a mile from its other extremity, when it declines with a gentle slope towards the sea.

The above vignette is copied from Mr. A. de Capell Brooke's very interesting "Travels through Sweden, Norway, and Finmark, to the North Cape, in the summer of 1820." "In visiting the Cape," says Mr. Brooke, "it is far preferable to proceed by land, as the traveller is enabled to see something of the interior of Mageröe; whereas, on account of the high sea, which prevails almost continually at the Cape, it is with difficulty that a boat can get round it. Landing, I believe, is quite impossible; or if it be practicable, there are no means of ascending the lofty cliffs, which are nearly perpendicular. On reaching the top of Mageröe, the vegetation bore all the marks of recent winter, while below the autumn was far advanced. Here and there large patches of snow still remained. Not a shrub was to be seen on the extensive swelling downs of a dark russet brown hue, which presented themselves, partly covered with the rein-deer moss and numerous alpine plants in blossom. We now got sight of the ocean on the opposite side of Mageröe, upon which

we inclined more to the north; and after descending a short slope, at the bottom of which was another lake, we saw the dark barren surface of the Cape, rising before us like the back of a giant, at the distance of about two miles. At six in the evening we at last reached it; and, advancing to the edge of the precipice, contemplated the fearful steep between us and the ocean. Let the reader imagine a cliff exceeding, in height that of Dover, and with Shakapeare's celebrated description of the latter, he may form a good idea of the North Cape, black from the polar storms, and proudly frowning upon the foaming element at its feet.

The sun disappears to the inhabitants for more than two months in the year; but in return for this privation, it is for the same period above the horizon constantly day and night, and for the space of about three months there is an uninterrupted continuance of daylight. During the long winter night, the Aurora Borealis, which shines with uncommon brilliancy at the North Cape, compensates for the loss of the sun; and its light is so great, that the fishermen are enabled to carry on their ordinary occupations as well as by the usual daylight." With the engraving of the North Cape at midnight, most of our readers are already familiar; but Mr. Brooke's sketch is a novel point of view.

* The sun, in the latitude of the North Cape, is constantly above the horizon, from the 13th of May to July 29; and, below it, from the 17th of November to January 26, or two months ten days.

Memorable Days.

JANUARY 30.

EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

AMONG the tracts relating to the civil war which were given to the British Museum, by his late majesty king George III. in 1762, there are three which relate to the man who actually beheaded king Charles, and who after all, notwithstanding the various persons to whom this horrid deed was attributed, was, most probably, the common executioner.

The first Tract is intituled "The confession of Richard Brandon the hangman (upon his death-bed) concerning his beheading his late majesty. Printed in the year of the hang-man's downfall, 1649." The second is intituled "The Last Will and Testament of Richard Brandon," printed in the same year. The third is "A Dialogue or Dispute between the late hangman" (the same person) "and Death," in verse, without date. All three are in quarto. The following are the most important paragraphs of the first

Tract :—

"The confession of the Hangman concerning his beheading his late Majesty the King of great Brittain (upon his death-bed,) who was buried on Thursday last, in White Chappell Church-yard, with the manner thereof.

"Upon Wednesday last (being the 20th of this instant June, 1649.) Richard Brandon, the late executioner and hangman, who beheaded his late majesty, king of Great Britain, departed this life; but during the time of his sickness, his conscience was much troubled, and exceedingly perplexed in mind, yet little shew of repentance for remission of his sins, and by-past transgressions, which had so much power and influence upon him, that he seemed to live in them, and they in him. And on Sunday last, a young man of his acquaintance going in to visit him, fell into discourse, asked him how he did, and whether he was not troubled in conscience for cutting off the king's head. He replied, yes! by reason that (upon the time of his tryall, and the denouncing of sentence against him) he had taken a vow and protestation, wishing God to perish him body and soul if ever he appeared on the scaffold to do the act or lift up his hand against him. He likewise confessed that he had thirty pounds for his pains, all paid him in half-crowns within an hour after the blow was given; and that he had an orange stuck full of cloves, and a handkercher out of the king's pocket, so soon as he

was carried off from the scaffold, for which orange he was proffered twenty shillings by a gentleman in White-hall, but refused the same; and afterwards sold it for ten shillings in Rosemary Lane. About six of the clock at night, he returned home to his wife living in Rosemary Lane, and gave her the money, saying, it was the dearest money that ever he earn'd in his life, for it would cost him his life. Which prophetical words were soon made manifest, for it appeared that ever since he hath been in a most sad condition, and upon the Almighty's first scourging of him with the rod of sickness, and the friendly admonition of divers friends for the calling of him to repentance, yet he persisted in his vicious vices, and would not hearken thereunto, but lay raging and swearing, and still pointing \mathbb{G} at one thing or another, which he conceived to appear visible before him.

"About three days before he dy'd he lay speechlesse, uttering many a sigh and heavy groan, and so in a most desperate manner departed from his bed of sorrow. For the buriall whereof great stores of wines were sent in by the sheriff of the City of London, and a great multitude of people stood wayting to see his corpse carried to the church-yard, some crying out, 'Hang him rogue,' 'Bury him in the dunghill'; others pressing upon him, saying, they would quarter him for executing of the king: insomuch, that the church-wardens and masters of the parish were fain to come for the suppreasing of them, and (with great difficulty) he was at last carried to White Chappell church-yard, having (as it is said) a bunch of rosemary at each end of the coffin on the top thereof, with a rope tyed crosse from one end to the other. And a merry concited cook living at the sign of the Crown, having a black fan (worth the value of thirty shillings) took a resolution to rent the same in pieces, and to every feather tied a piece of pack-thread dy'd in black ink, and gave them divers persons, who (in derision) for a while, wore them in their hats."

At page 7 of the Second Tract is an account of Brandon. He is there stated to have been "twice condemned by the law to be hanged for having two wives, and by the mercy of the state pardoned, as a fit instrument of their new reformation." "He was the only son of Gregory Brandon, and claimed the gallows by inheritance." "The first he beheaded was the Earl of Strafford." Page 8. "This Squire Brandon was by the bloody junto fetched out of his bed by a troop of horse at their late inhuman but-

chery of their king ; he making a show, as if he had been unwilling to do so vile and ungodly an act." "He said that his majestie told him when he asked him forgiveness, that he would not forgive any subject that came to murder him." "His carcass was carried by four of his gibbeteers to Mary-Matt-Fellow, with great joy and hooting of the people, who pulled up all the nettles and weeds instead of rosemary, with which they strewed the ways and decked the posts, and tied about their hog's and dog's necks with black parings of cloth, crying, "Two of the rogues are gone to the devil, (meaning Dorislaw and Gregory) and we hope the rest will follow." There is one Tench, a drum-maker in Houndsditch, that provided ropes, pullices, and hookes (in case the king resisted) to compell and force him down to the block. This rogue is also haunted with a devil, and consumes away." — *Ellis's Original Letters*, Second Series, vol. iii., pp. 341, 342, Note.

FEBRUARY.

CANDLEMAS DAY.

BRAND observes that "in the north of England this day is called the *Wives Feast Day*," and he quotes a singular old custom to this effect:—"The mistress and servants of each family dress a sheaf of oats in women's apparel, put it in a large basket, and lay a wooden club by it, and this they call *Brud's nest*, and the mistress and servants cry 'Brud is come, Brud is welcome.' This they do just before going to bed. In the morning they look among the ashes, and if they see the impression of *Brud's* club there, they reckon it a presage of a good crop and prosperous year, if not, they take it as an ill omen."

It appears from Herrick that the *Yule-tide Log* (mentioned in the last volume) may be burnt till this day, and must be quenched this night till Christmas comes again :

"Kindle the Christmas brand, and then,
Till sunne-set let it burne ;
Which, quench, then lay it up agen,
Till Christmas next returne."

HERRICK.

Hearken again to the gay old man, how severely he demands the removal of evergreens of the last year :

"Down with the Rosemary, and so,
Down with the Baies and the mistletoe ;
Down with the Hollie, Ivie, all,
Wherewith ye deckt the Christmas Hall ;
That so the superstitious find,
No one least branch there left behind :

For, look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see."

HERRICK.

A contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1790, says, that "having visited Harrogate, for his health, a few years before, he resided for some time at the pleasant market-town, Rippon, where on the Sunday before Candlemas Day, he observed that the collegiate church, a fine ancient building, was one continued blaze of light all the afternoon, from an immense number of candles."

According to Catholic Prayer-books it is called Candlemas Day, because "before Mass is said this day the church *blesses her candles for the whole year*, and makes a procession with hallowed or blessed candles in the hands of the faithful."

There is an old proverb which says—

"On Candlemas Day,
Throw candle and candlestick away ;"

because from Candlemas Day, the use of tapers at Vespers and Litanies which prevailed throughout the winter, ceased until the ensuing *All Hallow Mass*.

Another proverb is, that if the day be fine, it portends a hard season to come ; if cloudy and lowering, a mild and gentle season ensuing.

SHROVE TUESDAY.

"As fit—as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday."

SHAKESPEARE.

Pancake Day is another name for this day, because it is customary on this day to eat pancakes. The word *Shrove* is a corruption of the Saxon *Shrive*, and signifies confession ; therefore it is sometimes called Confession Tuesday. On this day during "the Romish times," everybody used to confess their sins to their parish priests, and for the more effectually observing this custom, the great bell of every parish was regularly rung at ten o'clock or sooner, that it might be heard by all.

The custom of ringing this bell remains in some of our parishes, and is called *Pancake Bell*.

Brand says, that the boys of Salisbury go about before Shrove-tide singing these lines :

"Shrove tide is nigh at hand,
And I am come a shroving,
Pray, dame, something :
An apple or a dumpling,
Or a piece of Truckle-cheese
Of your own making,
Or a piece of pancake."

Threshing the Shrove-tide Hen.—
The custom of threshing a fat hen on the

Shrove Tuesday is almost obsolete, but it certainly is practised in some of the country towns. The custom was thus practised:—One fellow had the hen tied to his back, and about him some small horse bells were tied; the rest of the *brutes* had boughs in their hands, and were blindfolded; they chased the first about some large court or enclosure, who is continually on the shift, and sometimes those with the boughs hit one another. The men are blindfolded by the maidens of the village, and after the hen is killed, it is boiled with bacon, and stored of pancakes and fritters are made.

W. H. H.

The Editor's Album
or
LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

"Here a little—and there a little."

THE last *Gentleman's Magazine* contains an engraving of a curious ticket on paper, printed with blue ink, from an engraved plate, in the form of a full-blown rose, and containing the names of forty sufferers in the cause of the exiled family of the Stuarts. The tradition is, that this was a ticket of admission to the private meetings of their partizans after the defeat at Culloden. On the same plate is a representation of a tobacco-stopper made in the time of Dr. Sacheverell, with the head of the "ecclesiastical drummer" on a medal forming the handle. This reminds us of the dust of Alexander stopping a beer-barrel.

HASSAN-PACHA, grand-admiral of the Ottoman fleet, acquired great reputation by his undaunted courage, and extraordinary intrepidity. In the Empress Catherine II.'s war, having engaged in a naval combat with the Prince of Nassau, in the Black Sea, he was beaten, and forced to take flight in a galley. Pursued by the prince, he kept saying to his crew, who were dreadfully frightened by the balls which whistled about their heads—"Comrades, do not be afraid, they are only melons."

AN antiquarian has "made out" that the mustard tree of the "New Testament" cannot apply to *Sinapis nigra* of any species of that genus; but is the *Phytolacea dodecandra*.

IN Hungary, out of a population of a million of Catholics, there are 21,500 students in the various universities, colleges, and lyceums.

THE POETESS' FAREWELL.

As in a vale some solitary flower
Fades, and then dies, leaving for memory
Some odorous breathings, and a few light leaves;
Frail playthings for the wind.

AUTHORS seldom figure in conversation; although they possess its gold, they frequently have not *small change*.

AN experiment has already been made with Mr. Perkins' steam artillery, which he is constructing for the French government. *Quere*, what would be the odds on the inventor's head, were he in Constantinople?

In England, during the last century, we had few historical works, because there was the *Universal History*, the most extensive speculation that had ever been set on foot as a bookseller's speculation, and still, in point of execution, (though we live in an age of *Cyclopedias*) by far the most respectable. But its appalling bulk impeded its circulation, and had made it always regarded as a work rather to be consulted than perused. The French then took the field in light duodecimos; and if, in the greater part of them, the spirit is wanting which arises from the enjoyment of civil and religious liberties, no where could a general acquaintance with the outlines and outstanding facts of history be acquired at so easy a cost of time.—*Foreign Review*.

IT has been suggested that the *King's Bench Mock Election* would have been a good incident for the pantomimes. There is a similar scene in *Giovanni in London*; but that is altogether delicate ground. Mr. Haydon's masterly picture sets the affair altogether in another light.

MR. GURNEY continues successful in his experiments with his new steam carriage.

ONE of the greatest luxuries, and we may say rarities, which we enjoy, is well-made coffee. We perceive that a new process for roasting the berry has recently been discovered.

HERBS IN CHEESE.

THE practice of mixing the flowers or seeds of plants with cheese, was common among the Romans—thyme was generally used by them. That a similar method was pursued in the middle ages is apparent from an anecdote told of Charlemagne. When travelling without attendants, he arrived at a bishop's palace; it was fast-day, and the bishop having no fish, was obliged to set cheese before the

monarch. Observing some small specks (parsley seeds) in it, and mistaking them for rotten parts, he took the trouble of picking them out with his knife. The bishop told him he was throwing away the best part of the cheese; on this the monarch ate it as it was, and liked it so much that he ordered the bishop to send him every year, two cases of such cheese to Aix la Chapelle; and in order that the cheese merchant might not send cheeses without seeds, he directed the bishop to cut each in two, and afterwards to fasten the parts by means of a wooden skewer.

IN Paris there are scores of little shops where gentlemen may sit on a raised bench, and read the newspapers whilst a *garçon* cleans their boots—for two sous. These shops are neatly fitted up, and are generally situate near the theatres or the public promenades.

LITERATURE is rising into noble hands (quere heads). Lords and ladies write for the theatres and libraries. Perhaps the time is not far distant when *every man will become his own publisher*. Well! anything better than to be "in smother," as the great Lord Bacon said.

A SINGULAR fact in vegetation presents itself at the Glacier of Roccosecco, which forms one of the branches of the Berneria, in Switzerland. On its summit there is a valley nearly horizontal, filled with ice; on this the avalanches have brought down masses of earth. This earth, thus resting on a basis of ice, produces a number of Alpine plants, that supply abundant and nourishing food to the flocks of the inhabitants of Samaden. There are documents which prove that this singular pasture has been used since the year 1536.

Foreign Review.

VALENTINES.

MENAGE, in his "Etymological Dictionary," has accounted for the term "Valentine," by stating that Madame Royale, daughter of Henry IV. of France, having built a palace near Turin, which, in honour of the saint, then in high esteem, she called the Valentine; at the first entertainment which she gave in it, she was pleased to order that the ladies should receive their lovers for the year by lots, reserving to herself the privilege of being independent of chance, and of choosing her own partner. At the various balls which this gallant princess gave during the year, it was directed that each lady should receive a nosegay from her lover, and that at every tournament the knight's trappings for his horse should be

furnished by his allotted mistress, with this proviso, that the prize allotted should be her's. This custom, says Menage, occasioned the parties to be called Valentines; but, says the "Gentleman's Magazine," "the custom is of much earlier date."

GIPSYES.

THE first appearance of Gipsies in Europe was in 1417; they reached Switzerland in 1419; Italy in 1422; France in 1427; and England in 1512. The total number in Europe is estimated at 7 or 800,000, of whom 40,000 are supposed to belong to Spain.

Printing for the blind has, at length, been practically carried into effect. Some of the boys of the Edinburgh Blind Asylum have been able to read books printed by this means within a few weeks. An apparatus for writing to, and by the blind, is in a forward state.

BEFORE the introduction of vaccination into the new world, one hundred thousand Indians were destroyed by the small pox in one year in the single province of Quito. The late Duke of York said, that "in the Military Asylum not one unsuccessful case in vaccination had happened in the course of twenty years."

TWO panoramas of Navarin have been painted within three months of the day of the battle. We have heard of views of fires taken during the conflagration.

THE *Literary Club*, noticed a few weeks since, is gradually organizing, and several names of high respectability are already in its list. Of course it will not be in the costly and luxurious style of the St. James's clubs, but its literary advantages will be greater.

A METALLIC alloy for plating iron and protecting it from rust has recently been invented. Four ounces are sufficient for an iron bedstead. A company, with a large capital for its manufacture, has already been formed at Bologna.

COLD CAVES.

ON the banks of the Lake of Lucerne, and at the foot of one of the bases of Mount Pilato, are little wooden huts (except the back wall of stone) used as cold caves. On July 31, the heat in the shade was 73.2° , and within the huts $3\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$. Milk could be kept for three weeks, meat for a month, and cherries for twelve months. In one hut snow was preserved all summer.

THE Turkish epithet for the sultans is *yoularsiz arslan*, unmuzzled lions !

Man's being is a spider's web :
The passionate flash of the soul—comes not of
him :
It is the breath of that dark genius
Which whirls invisible along the threads.—
A servant of eternal destiny.
It purifies them from the vulgar dust,
Which earthward strives to press the net,
But Fate gives sign ; the breath becomes a whirl-
wind,

And, in a moment, rends to shreds the thing
We thought was woven for eternity !

From the German of Werner.

MR. MARKLAND, of the Temple, has addressed a sensible letter to the president of the Society of Antiquities, proposing the establishment of a Museum, or Repository of Antiquities, to be attached to the Antiquarian Society.

NOT contented with translating the romances of Sir Walter Scott, the Russians have fabricated others, which the book-sellers of Moscow pass off as his productions ; they have nothing of Sir Walter in them, beyond his name on the title-page.

THE parallel between Gibbon and Lord Byron, as drawn by Leigh Hunt, is worthy of special attention.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

M. JOSTI, a native of Sils, in Switzerland, was originally a groom, but running away from a tyrannical master, he hired himself to a confectioner in a German town ; being industrious and skilful, he afterwards was appointed chocolate-maker to the reigning prince, and accumulated a large fortune. Yet, at the height of his favour and prosperity, he every year visited his native place, and spent the summer months with the humble companions of his youth.

ONE of the most recent of Mr. Theodore Hook's "wise saws and modern instances" is to enclose a silver spoon in the belly of a cod-fish during the boiling : if it be in good condition, the silver will remain uncoloured, when taken from the fish at table.

MAYER, a Venetian, attempts to show that music is on the decline in Italy. He calls Rossini the Marini of modern music, and accuses him of degrading his talents, from an endeavour to please the vulgar taste.

"The joy of grief," says Dr. Blair, "is one of Ossian's remarkable expressions several times repeated. If any one shall

think that it needs to be justified by a precedent, he may find it twice used by Homer in the *Iliad*, when Achilles is visited by the ghost of Patroclus ; and in the *Odyssey*, when Ulysses meets his mother in the shades. On both these occasions, the heroes, melted with tenderness, lament their not having it in their power to throw their arms round the ghost, 'that we might,' say they, 'in a mutual embrace enjoy the delight of grief.'"

IN Switzerland, when a peasant girl marries from one valley into another, violent and, not seldom, sanguinary contests are the consequence.

AMBITION.

SCENE—Pandemonium.

ALOUD she cried. "Oh, parent dear !
The merits of Ambition hear,
'Tis I who to thy palace bring
The courier, statesman, people, king.
View the great names of ancient time ;
Ambition was their only crime,
Who Alexander made a rod,
A madman, mard'rer, and a god ?
Who made my Cesar last the globe ?
Who stain'd with blood his royal robe ?
Who all the tyrants of the earth
Nurs'd and instructed from their birth ?
What wounds have by this hand been giv'n !
What souls by me detain'd from Heav'n !
And e'en in later times review
The sons I've brought : unnumber'd crew !
Richelieu and Mazarin to thee
Were introduced at first by me
For Fleury, well thou knowst, I strove ;
What saved him was his country's love.
Of England's kings a list I bear
That credits well my skill and care.
Is there a Stuart I have not brought ?
Indeed, they cost me little thought,
For they were all so well inclin'd,
That we were ever of a mind.
Upstarts too, my long list crown,
Who, others crush'd themselves came down.
Richard and Cromwell, names of note,
Ambition may be proud to quote :
And then, along the statesman's line,
What glory and what triumph's mine !"

From the *Vices*, presumed to be by the Author of *Juimus*.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

BOOKS, BOOKSELLERS, AND BOOK- MAKERS.

THE greatest mistake made by authors is to suppose, that, educated as gentlemen, and enjoying their society and mode of life, authorship can support them. No man ought to expect more from authorship than payment for his *manual* labour in writing. If he will estimate his work as a law-stationer does, by the same number of pence per folio, he will probably not be disappointed, on the supposition that he is not a man of talents and judgment. Sir Walter Scott may be quoted as an exception, and we give those who differ from us all the be-

nefit of this single instance. Southey might, perhaps, be mentioned as an exception also; but setting aside his receipts for articles in reviews, which we exclude from present consideration, we would venture to assert that had he spent the same time in the office of a law stationer, or other copyist, that he would have been equally well paid for his time. It follows that all the headwork must be thrown in; consequently no man, unless he derives a sufficient livelihood from other sources, can afford to write books. Novels and Poetical Tales, such as those of Byron, may perhaps be quoted against us; and the munificence of Mr. Colburn referred to as a proof of the unsoundness of our doctrine. Let it however be remembered, that a man can only write two or three novels of the class alluded to in his lifetime; his experience will of necessity be exhausted. That it is an easy thing for any idle man to write one or two, and that consequently crowds of competitors are entering the field, composed of persons moreover who possess the grand recommendation of having distinctions to be puffed, and not standing under the necessity of imposing hard terms upon the publisher. Genius of a very rare character might spring up in either of these departments; and genius, to a certain extent, is secure—we are speaking of superior, but at the same time ordinary, acquirements.

In other classes of publication, if a man has accumulated practical or theoretical information, it is probable that a demand exists for it when condensed into a book—but one book may hold all the information which a life has accumulated. In cases where the information has to be collected from a vigorous and intelligent perusal of other works, as in the compilation of a history, it will be found that a common clerk in a banking-house is better paid. Let the reader refer to the accounts which exist of the price given for such works as Gibbon's History for instance, and then set against it the outlay in books, and the quantity of time bestowed upon it. Gibbon received, we believe, six thousand pounds for his work; a sum not exceeding the expense of the library he found necessary to supply the materials;—deducting, however, only the interest of this sum, and taking into account the number of years during which he was occupied upon his work, he probably received at the rate of about two hundred pounds a year; an income which at Lausanne might perhaps pay his house rent, and keep his sedan. We have heard that Mr. Mill received fifteen hundred pounds for his work on *British India*;

judging from the labour consumed in this elaborate work, and estimating the remuneration at the rate which a confidential attorney's clerk is paid, we are convinced that five thousand pounds would not have been an equivalent for the copyright to him. Probably the sum given was fully equal to the marketable value of it. We are acquainted with instances of authors, who, pursuing the more dignified lines of study, have published several works accounted works of importance and deep research in the world of literature, and which have raised their names to high consideration in the public estimation; these gentlemen have declared themselves not merely unremunerated for either time or talent, but considerably out of pocket. There are other instances of men paying publishers bills to the amount of four or five hundred a year, for the pleasure of enlightening a world which will not be enlightened. These gentlemen complain loudly of the stupidity and ingratitude of the public; of its wretched taste, of its love of trash, of the baseness of critics. The truth is, that men ought not to write for a pecuniary return; much less ought they to propose to make literature a profession, and expect to live by the sale of their productions. This not only causes much pain and disappointment in the parties themselves, but the idea that literature is a good trade misleads many an unhappy individual, and seriously injures the quality of literature itself. This is done in many ways, by producing a great number of works, which injure one another by a ruinous competition: by creating hasty and undigested publications, which, written only to serve a temporary purpose—the procuring of money, are hurried into the world by their authors as fast as their own imperfections hasten them out of it: by degrading the general character of authors who undoubtedly would stand much higher with the world, and consequently take a higher place in their own respect, if they were induced to publish wholly or chiefly by a desire to inform or improve mankind, or to secure a lasting fame. No one can tell how low the expectation of pay has descended in literature, unless he has been admitted into the confidence of a periodical publication. The mere boys and girls, who can scarcely spell, scribble their first lines under a notion of being paid, and well paid.—*London Magazine*.

It is a good rule, eat within your stomach; act within your commission; live within your means.—*Selden*.

LINES ON REVISITING A SCOTTISH RIVER.

AND call they this Improvement?—to have changed,
My native Clyde, thy once romantic shore,
Where Nature's face is banish'd and estranged,
And Heaven reflected in thy wave no more;
Whose banks, that sweeten'd May-days breath before,
Lie sere and leafless now in summer's beam,
With sooty exhalations cover'd o'er;
And for the daisied green sward, down thy stream
Unsightly brick-lane smoke, and clanking engines gleam,

Speak not to me of swarms the scene sustains;
One heart free, tasting Nature's breath and bloom,
Is worth a thousand slaves to Mammon gains.
But whither goes that wealth, and gladd'ning whom?
See, but life enough and breathing room
The hunger and the hope of life to feel,
You pale Mechanic bending o'er his loom,
And Childhood's self as at Ixion's wheel,
From morn till midnight task'd to earn its little meal.

Is this Improvement?—where the human breed
Degenerates as they swarm and overflow,
Till Toil grows cheaper than the trodden weed,
And man competes with man, like foe with foe,
Till Death, that thins them, scarce seems public woe?
Improvement!—smiles it in the poor man's eyes,
Or blooms it on the cheek of Labour?—No—
To gorge a few with Trade's precarious prize,
We banish rural life, and breathe unwholesome skies.

Nor call that evil slight; God has not given
This passion to the heart of man in vain,
For Earth's green face th' untaught air of Heaven,
And all the bliss of Nature's rustic reign.
For not alone our frame imbibes a stain
From foitid skies; the spirit's healthy pride
Fades in their gloom—And therefore I complain,
That thou no more through pastoral scenes
Shouldst glide,
My Wallace's own stream, and once romantic Clyde!

New Monthly Mag.

T. CAMPBELL.

NEWSPAPER SENTIMENT.

THE London newspaper authorship is forced into something like common sense by the perpetual necessity of writing. Men may be as sentimental by inclination as a German dramatist; but the absolute drain on their sentimentality in the wear and tear of London, would exhaust the "fount of feeling" in a week; and the "thoughts that lie too deep for tears" would be fished up, and turned to service inexorably before a month renewed its moon. But in the country the case is different. The interval of a week allows an accumulation of the tender feeling, which inevitably overflows through the pen the moment it is taken in hand. A dog "suspected of being mad," an over-drove ox, a village quarrel, a rustic elopement, or the breaking down of a safety coach, can never be done justice to in

London. The facts may be given, and the conclusion, whether by inquest or induction, declared for the general behoof. But it is in other and more verdant quarters that the narrative is touched as a narrative ought to be, with the whole picturesque of the affair, "with mellowness of pencil and magic of detail," as the most celebrated auctioneer alive says of every picture that undergoes his hammer.

Of course there are exceptions, and some of the country journals are written with a spirit that would do honour to the sagacity or skill of any public writer. But still the "sentimental" flourishes along with the cabbages and cauliflowers, chiefly at a distance from the "fumus strigipumque;" and the richest class of description is never found on this side of the fifty mile-stone.

Metaphor is the native language of fancy, and fancy is the daughter of feeling, and feeling is the daughter of the fields. Then the use of metaphor is established as an heir-loom in the soil of the hawthorns and blue-bells; and accordingly the dialect of rural description is always magnificent, profound, eloquent, and rather puzzling; as "to do common things in an uncommon way" has been considered an evidence of genius, so to say common things in an uncommon way is an evidence of similar superiority to the race of mankind.

Thus, if your true describer has to talk of pen, ink, and paper, he disdains the homeliness of the immediate expression, and invests his meaning in the dignified phrase of "writing materials." If one clown's wig takes fire from another clown's pipe, we hear of the operation of "the devouring element," fire being obviously beneath the rustic pen. If a flash of lightning set a haystack in a blaze, or ring the bells of a steeple, the approved epithet is, "the electric fluid." If a dog bite a pig, the narrative teems with "virus," the "rabid animal," and the "latration" of the patient. Or, if a stage-coach running races meet its natural fate, the world are called to wonder at "centripetal force," "dire concussions," and "compound fractures of the tibia." The whole being wound up with the solemn pledge of the writer, that the accident never had equal, or similar, in the "memory of the oldest inhabitant;" a circumstance generally to be accounted for, when true, by the oldest inhabitants having lost what memory they ever had.

But it is in the sentimental subjects that the true triumph is found. A "tale, alas! too true," lately "wrung the heart," detailing the sorrows of "an interesting pair, found, by a gentleman of humanity,

in the lowest state of mortal privation on the edge of a wood," in the west of England. "The female had been "evidently of the first order of fine forms," and the man was worthy of her. "An unhappy attachment, cruel parents, remorseless friends, and an inhospitable world," having excluded them from hope, they took the desperate resolution of seeking an asylum from the bounty of nature, in one of those spots "where lonely want retires to die."

Further intelligence ascertained the fact, that the hero was a poacher, driving a handsome trade in purveying hares and pheasants for London. The heroine was the usual companion of such heroes, and both are now furnishing fresh matter for description in the county jail.

But fine effect may be produced on more repulsive topics. Who has ever dreamed of detailing the mutual compliments of a blackbird and a stage-coach guard before? Yet the history is extant, scarcely a week old.

As the coach was rolling along, a hawk hunted a blackbird into a hedge. The blackbird was in prodigious hazard, and the guard flung his stick; luckily for the catastrophe, he hit the hawk instead of the blackbird. The narrative must now be left to the original hands. "So exhausted was the poor blackbird, and so unexpected her deliverance, that when the guard proceeded to pick up the hawk, she was unable to move, but merely shot forth a look of expression of her gratitude, and which amply repaid the conducteur for his promptitude and decision." And that man of generosity relinquished his half-crown with a feeling worthy to be as memorable as it is unfortunately rare. But the story is imperfect without the fact, that the rescued bird pulled out a white handkerchief, wiped a brilliant eye, and made him a curtsey down to the ground.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

"This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pens." *SHAKESPEARE.*

RARE VIRTUES.

In praise of honesty and truth,
Men's busy tongues are never still,
'Tis well—for both are fled from earth,
De mortuis nisi bonum nil.

KNIGHTHOOD.

WHEN Lord Sandwich was to present Admiral Campbell, he told him, that probably the king would knight him. The admiral did not much relish the honour. "Well, but," said Lord S. "perhaps Mrs. Campbell will like it."

"Then let the king knight her," answered the rough seaman.

FASHIONABLE ROUTS.

"How strange it is," said a lady, "that fashionable parties should be called *routes!* Why rout formerly signified the defeat of an army, and when the soldiers were all put to flight or to the sword, they were said to be routed." "This title has some propriety too," said a clergyman, "for at these meetings whole families are frequently *routed out of house and home!*"

A LONG TEXT.

A CLERGYMAN was once going to preach upon the text of the Samaritan woman, and after reading it, he said, "Do not wonder, my beloved, that the text is so long, for it is a woman that speaks."

BURIED ALIVE.

A LADY once told St. Foix, that in her will she had ordered her body to be opened after her death, as she was afraid of being buried alive.

AN ENTERTAINING JOURNEY.

DODD the comedian was very fond of a long story.—Being in company one night, he began at twelve o'clock to relate a journey he had taken to Bath; and, at six o'clock in the morning, he had proceeded no farther than the *Devizes!*—The company then rose, to separate; when Dodd, who could not bear to be curtailed in his narrative, cried, "Don't go yet; stay and hear it out, and upon my soul I'll make it entertaining!"

BIPEDS.

THE most disagreeable two-legged animal in the world, is a little great man; and the next, a little great man's factotum and friend.

LET WELL ALONE.

AN Irishman being on a long journey in a part of the country where Mr. M'Adam's useful talents had never been exercised, at length came to a mile of excellent road. Over this he kept trotting his horse backwards and forwards, till some spectators, a little surprised at this singular mode of travelling, inquired the reason of it. "Indeed," said he, "and I like to let well alone, and from what I have seen of the road, I doubt whether I will find a better bit of ground all the way."